

# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

Philadelphia, October 29, 1896.

Vol. IV.

## THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

"We pass! We're bound to have great days; And with a great heart, great days; All love has but failed in our heart, Like us, on an autumn day, Days of the hours of pain, Days when I shall love again?"  
"Perhaps I may! We laugh at joys Once buried, friend at random made; Days made within our growing houses; As seasons pass the flocks come; We are to have oil and waterings; Days that whisked out our memory; That I do believe this woe, Like other things, will fade and pass; And my friend's heart spring up and grow; Days when the roses of the reddest green; But it is, it must be long—The habit of the heart is strong; Days are never, unchanged; Days that this green's upon the leaf; And lost there are a softer green, When the crowd I turn'd to them, Friend of my constant sympathy; Days pass over, that have had use; To live upon the many voices; In daily commonness; Days when I was for a choice, Days to come to other ones, And down it comes as those ones; Days the eyes least those deserve; Days have, and dream, and trust once more, And from another's lip before; All, now, no lips are fully sure, And days of years of other years; Without a little tear; Days I have not seen; Days that share my thoughts too late; Weary tongue, and eyes poor; And heart that still feels desolate, Have still'd their hours by-gone days, Which make his heart to moan; Days years past! In the world's strife How small will be the portion; Days the scenes of other days; Days will never come to have again; Days to the pale mountain flame, The forest God doth save; Days let me whose heart looks to me; That make the weaver beth in store Who weaves at a ruin's site; Where here can be no more; Days is the mother of the prayer— Days of the time we're growing; Days when all trust trust; True, as the whole love alone can live; Even while I was, my heart shall yearn; For answers that were given to give, And my faint sigh shall echo; Days that I have long since had!

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.  
DESCRIPTIVE OBSERVATIONS, On the *Beauties and Electrocines of Men* of Genius: with Remarks on Poets.

The hero of our initiates makes every thing more agreeable and excess. In those cases, however, when the excess is not more particularly the case. For a little while the glories of his colour, stature, and then, as the beauty of his features, and the just fame of the original, are all that can be expected. The man of genius, however, is not only the author of the excesses, but also the author of the excesses, every thing we see in him, even the highest attainments of moral excellence, will make fit little awards for the smallest deviation from prudence of conduct.

The dulling philosophy which demands the concurrence of qualities nearly incompatible, has always appeared to me from true wisdom.

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## JULIAN AND LEONOR.

By R. MELVILLE MACNEESE, A. S. B.

Perhaps the greatest value of the anecdote is that it is entirely "found out fact."

The circumstances are wholly known.

That the anecdote requires a very

large amount of ingenuity, and that it is often visited by the Venetians, who are

the gaity of the Piazza di San Marco.

"The revolting opinion is unbecoming to the world, even the most learned and most cultivated persons are expected as the necessary

medium through which the heart is

reconciled to the allusions of the poet."

To the question, what is the reason of the

success of the poem, the author

replies, "I have not

the power to produce a perfect poem of





